

The history

Which 1400. yeares ago were naild,
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse,
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,
And bootlesse tis to tell you we wil go,
Therefore we meet not howe: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosen Westmerland,
What yesternight our counsell did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales, loden with heauy newes,
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight
Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misfule,
Such beastly shamelesse transformation
By those Welch-women done, as may not be
Without much shame, retould, or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the holy land,

West. This matcht with other did, my gracious L,
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
Came from the North, and thus it did import,
On holly rode day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approoued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heart
And pride of their contention, did take horse
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is deere, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt new lighted from his horse,

Staind

of Henrie the fourth.

Staind with the variation of each soile,
Betwixt that Holmedon and this fear of ours:
And he hath brought vs smothe and welcom newes,
The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,
Ten thousand bould Scots, two and twenty knights
Balkt in their own bloud. Did sir Walter see
On Holmedons plaines, of prisoners Hotspur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honorable spoile?
A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makst me sad, and makst me sinne
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a sonne:
A sonne, who is the theame of honors tongue,
Amongst a groue, the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him
See ryot and dishonour staind the brow:

Of my young Harry. O that it could be prou'd
That some night tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And calld mine Percy, his Plantagenet,
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think you coosen
Of this young Percies pride? The prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surprizd
To his own vse, he keepes and sends me word
I shal haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

West. This is his vncles teaching. This is Worcester,
Maleuolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answeere this:
And for this cause: a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.

A.3.

Coosen